

10 Feb 83  
Albuquerque, NM

That ringing you hear in the background, is just the fire alarm going off, somewhere here in the LAKE & RACQUET ADULT LIVING COMPLEX. I don't think they could find any fire, so they just shut off the fucking alarm. (Do you smell anything?)

It's a little after one o'clock in the afternoon. Barb just left to take a class in how to read EKG's. Part of her new job. She'll be working in the SICU(Surgical Intensive Care Unit) at Lovelace Medical Center, here in Albuquerque. She is very excited about the job and the hospital is next door to our apartments. She only has to walk about 75 yards. That may be helpfull if the old Duster bites the big one. So little faith! The Duster made the 1000 mile trip out with no problem.

Why, you ask, am I at home at this time of day? Why, indeed. That old saw about "never quit your present job until you have another" may have some truth to it. But you know what a fucking daredevil I am! Hah! I laugh in the face of unemployment! There are probably 20-25 radio stations in this city of 400,000. Of those, half a dozen or so are Spanish speaking or religious(can I get a witness!?). I have sent tapes and resumes to the others, and even one TV station. (I included a picture of myself and told them to hold that up as they listened to my tape).

So far I have had only one "interview". It is hard to call it an interview since the guy didn't have an office and we stood and talked in a closet. He said he'd try me out on the 6pm-midnight shift, Saturday and Sunday. Couldn't pay me until after the first night, to see how much I was worth, but figured it might be 4 or 5 dollars an hour. I asked him if there was someplace I could sit down. His offer had made me kind of dizzy. This place was really low-rent. If I can't find a job that is at least as good as the one I had, I ain't taking one! But shit, it's early and I feel good Karma bubbling up.

Let's see. There ain't no brothers out here, hardly... so there aint no really serious basketball. Well, they think it is, but shit, everybdy keeps PASSING the ball, and any-time somebody nudges somebody else, everybody starts CONFESSING! The hommes at Willoby would ~~bute~~ bust a gut. It's sort of like Chip and Dale meet the Lakers.

Barb and I have joined the YMCA. Pretty nice. \$240 per year for both of us. Barb likes the big indoor pool for lap swimming. I can use the gym 3 days(or nights) per week. And we both have started a weight lifting program.

A little old guy about 80 years old starts you on the program. I have NEVER been so sore. He says if we stick with it for 3 months, he can convince us that it will change our lives. I'm not sure my <sup>use</sup> can stand any more changing, but I do have some time on my hands. Now about this weight lifting... There are some little sweeties doing it and the difference between weight lifting and body building is now clear to me. These babes look increadable. No bulging muscles. Just great tight...(at this point, send Susan from the room) little behinds; firm, young brests; and sweat from top to bottom. Corpman!

I doNt think Ill have to have my shirts let out, but being as sore as I am telx me this is something I should have done a long time ago. And they've got some really old folks(60-80) doing more weight than I am. They are kicking old age in the ASS.

As for anything that looks like running... forget it. I see lots of people doing it but I am certain they were brn here. You see, at five thousand or seven thousand feet(I'm not sure) there aint no O<sub>2</sub>. Zero. You better take a thermos of air if you aim to breath.

So there you have it. Barb is gearing up for her new job, and Steve is just pumping iron and watching the phone. I forgot to tell you about Barb going skiing. I didnt go, but everybody out here is jumping up and down since theyve had more snow in the last two weeks than anyone can remember. They'll be swooshing over those mogols in July. This might be a good place for you two to vacation(but I doubt it!). We'd love to have you. Theyve got the Balloon Festival in October, I think. I'll write you about all that later.

I am expecting a letter!



PS: I had to use up the last of the KBOA envelopes I stole. Our Address is:

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